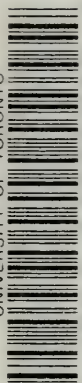


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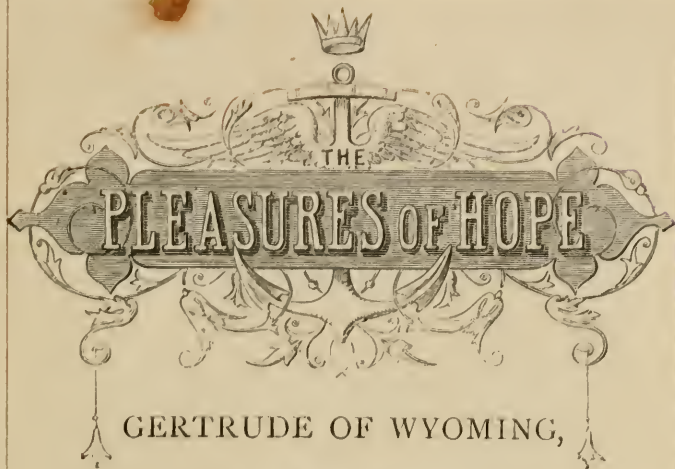
THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,

AND OTHER POEMS.



At summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below.

Page 7.



And Other Poems.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.

h

. . . Thon need'st no requiem ; while the earth
Hath souls of melody and hearts of worth,
Thine own proud songs through distant ages sent,
Shall form at once thy dirge and monument.

.
And oft the heart, where hope alone remains
Amid its sorrows, bless thy cheering strains.

LONDON :
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW ;
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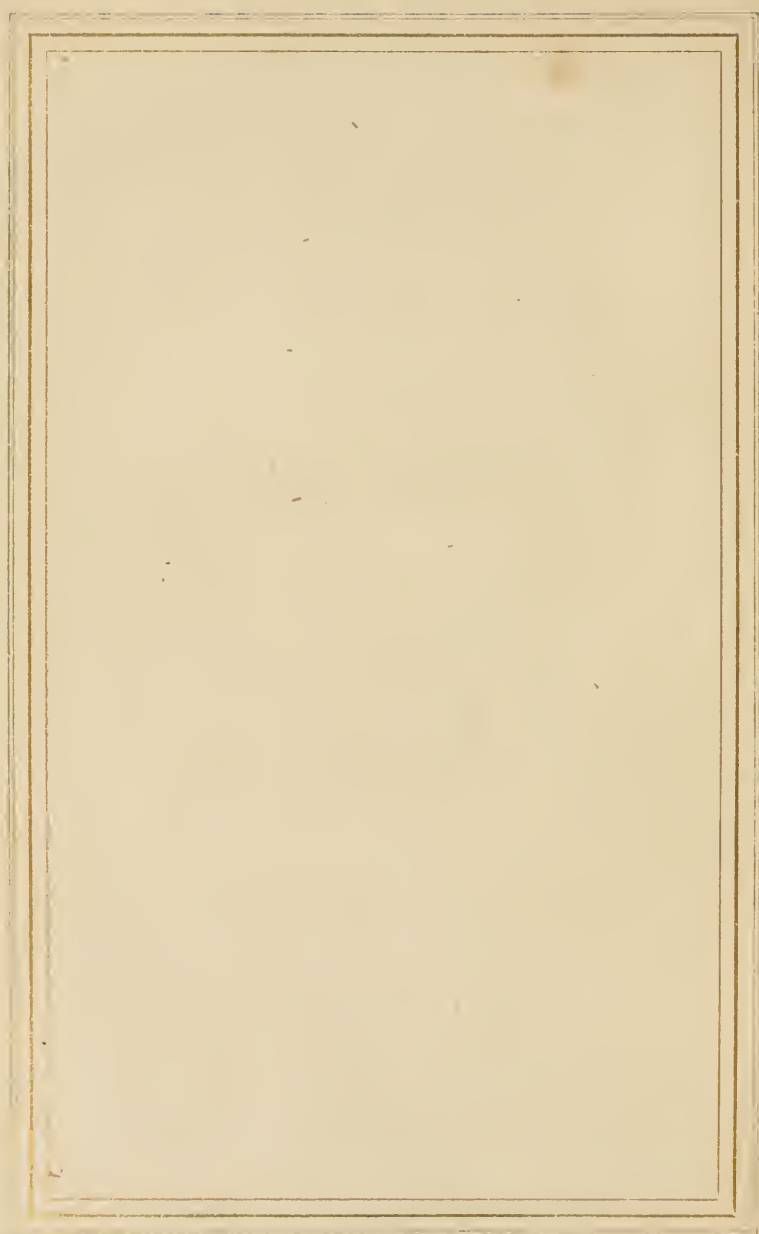
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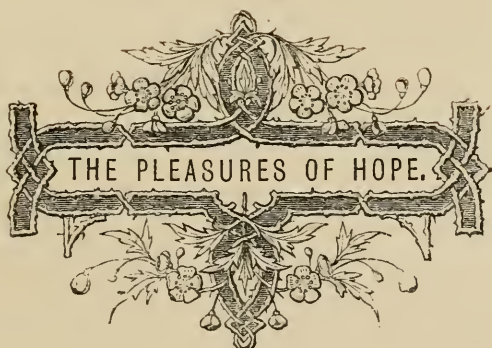


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PART FIRST.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate.—The influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated. An allusion is made to the well known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind.—The consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress.—The seaman on his midnight watch.—The soldier marching into battle.—Allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste.—Domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness.—Picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep.—Pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society The wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—From these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence.—Description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish Patriots at the bridge of Prague.—Apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement.—The wrongs of Africa.—The barbarous policy of Europeans in India—Prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity, to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.



THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

AT summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs or shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;

Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play:
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bar'd his arm, and rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height, to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropp'd on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;

There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks, from his throne of clouds, o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor Child of Danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul:
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,

His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil ;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.—1
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,

To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men,
Whose race unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form ;
Yet at thy call, the hardy Tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,
The moon's pale planet and the northern star ;
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend !²

Congenial Hope ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in Youth's untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

“Go, Child of Heaven ! (thy winged words proclaim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame !
Lo ! Newton, Priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star !
Wilt thou, with him mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye ?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.”³

“The Swedish Sage⁴ admires, in yonder bow'rs,
His winged insects, and his rosy flow'rs ;

Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

“Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye
The lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage :
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man ?

“Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh :
Hark ! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Rang'd on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,⁵
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

“Belov'd of Heav'n ! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ;
Inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name ;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“When Venus, thron’d in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love and walks of tender joy ;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;
While Beauty’s deeply pictur’d smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty’s ear, nor plead in vain.

“Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy’s mellow stream ;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty’s tears are lovelier than her smile ;—
On Nature’s throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion’d souls the Joy of Grief ?

“Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv’n,
And pow’r on earth to plead the cause of Heav’n ;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mus’d on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb’s rocks beneath the prophet’s hand.⁶
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm’d into soul, receives a second birth ;
Feels thy dread pow’r another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch’d harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature’s plan ;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man !

“Bright as the pillar rose at Heav’n’s command,
When Israel march’d along the desert land,

Blaz'd through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star :
So, heav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Pow'r ! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell, ,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh there, prophetic Hope ! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the Parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more ;
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flow'rs his little field,
And call from Heav'n propitious dew's to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath ;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The day of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;

She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep my boy :
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree ;
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near ?
Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murm'ring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,

Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile !
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Where is the troubled heart, consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,
Smile at his blazing hearth and social board ;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze :
Poor widow'd wretch ! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain ;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow ;

Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
I'll'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return ;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wand'rings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by ;
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home—
Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm ;
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine ;—
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,

Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Eric's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk ;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day ;
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men ;
And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew, as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies⁷—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,⁸
Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of Despair.—
Hark ! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd !

Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceas'd a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !⁹

Warsaw's last Champion, from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh ! Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save !
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?—
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !—
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply !
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—

Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell !

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dy'd waters murmur'ing far below ;—
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !—
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry !

Oh ! Righteous Heav'n ! ere Freedom found a grave
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !

Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own !—
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free !
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns ;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n,
And like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n !
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ;
Ye that expanding Truth invidious view,
And think, or wish the song of Hope untrue ;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine :—
“ Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here,
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring :
What ! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No :—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand ;--
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow !
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world !
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?
Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sydney died ?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name !
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !
Wrapt in historic ardour who adore
Each classic haunt, and well remember'd shore,
Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song ;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms !
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more ?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?
Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls ?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes in that generous cause for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay !

Yes ! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below !

And say, supernal Powers ! who deeply scan
Heav'ns dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands ?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult ; to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free !

Yet, yet, degraded men ! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away ;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give scripture for the deed ;
Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward ; yes, because a slave !

Eternal Nature ! when thy giant hand
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling land.
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and Man the lord of all !
Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee !

Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yok'd with the brutes, and fettered to the soil ;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?
No !—Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould !
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge !
No homeless Lybian, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep !

Lo ! once in triumph on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign ;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye ;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own ;
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man !

The plunderer came :—alas ! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ;
For ever fallen ! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow !
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew ;¹⁰ at that alarum knell,
His guardian angel took a last farewell !
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !
Poor fetter'd man ! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe !

Friendless thy heart ; and, canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair ?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires !
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh !
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh !—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run !
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun !
How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd !
How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd !¹¹
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Rag'd o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale !
Yet could no pangs th' immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name ;
The martyr smil'd beneath avenging pow'r,
And brav'd the tyrant in his torturing hour !

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks their winding way to shape,
And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape ;¹²
Children of Brama ! then was mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?

Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When free born Britons cross'd the Indian wave ;
Ah, no !—to more than Rome's Ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And in the march of nations, led the van !

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder'd pil'd from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate Trade ! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries ;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore ;¹³
Could mock the groans of fellow men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame !

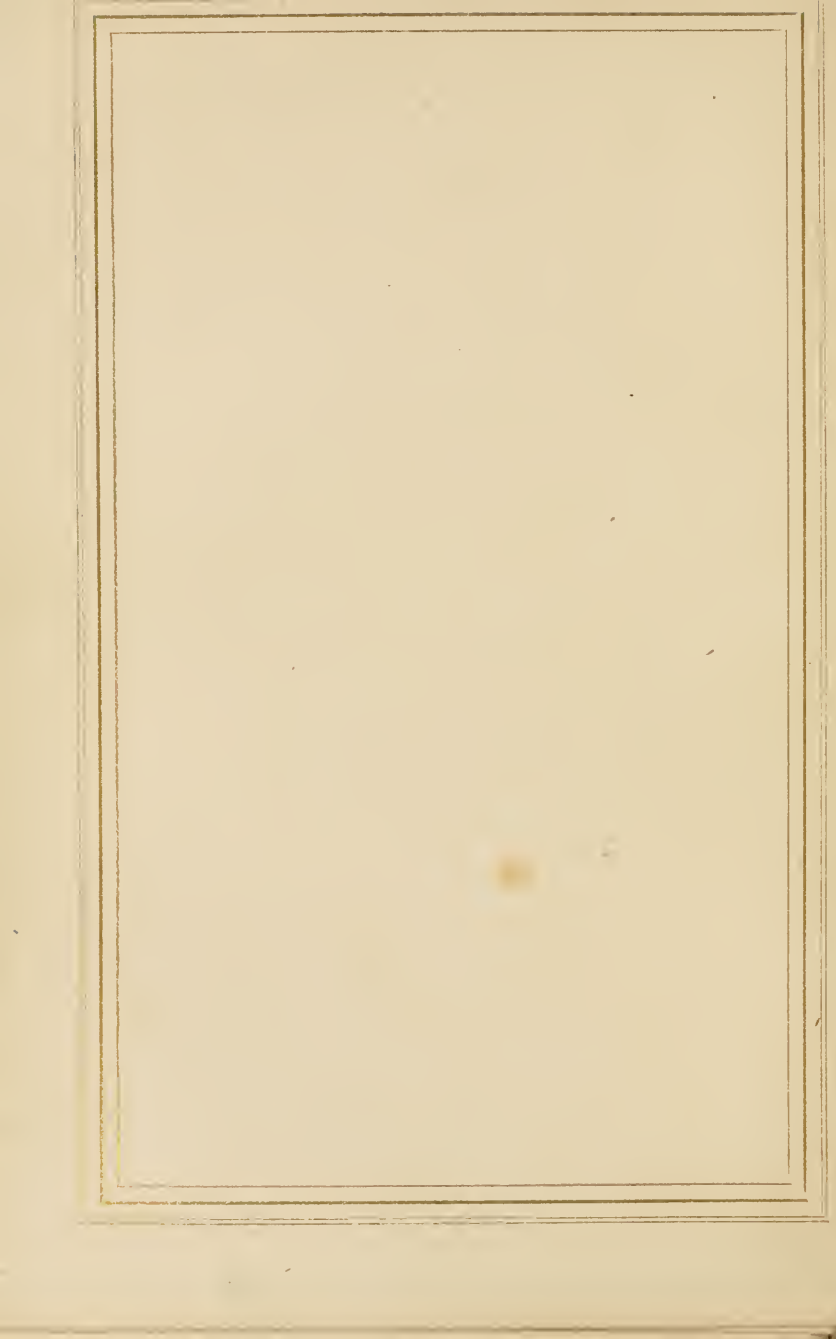
But, hark ! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heav'nly climes propitious thunder peals !
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds, that awe the list'ning mind,
Roll on the azure paths of ev'ry wind.

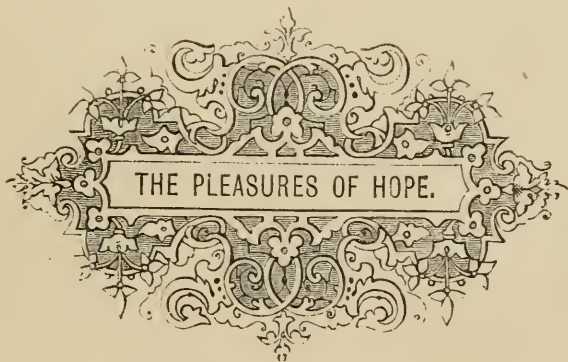
“ Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heav'ns unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew :
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled as the mighty came ;

Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar'd in vain—¹⁴
But Heav'n shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high !
Heav'ns fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword, his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed
Are shook, and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avater comes ! at Heav'ns command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed hand !
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,¹⁵
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—
Come, Heav'nly Pow'rs ! primeval Peace restore !
Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom !—rule for ever more !







PART SECOND.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love.--Its intimate connexion with generous and social sensibility.--Allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the Book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till Love was superadded to its other blessings.--The dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment.--This disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist, who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find.--A summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents.--Even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world. our minds are not unattended with an impression, that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the Poem. The predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution.--The baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts.--Allusion to the fate of a Suicide.--Episode of Conrad and Ellenore.--Conclusion.



THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?
Who hath not paus'd, while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh ?
Who hath not own'd with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
'old as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow,
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd ;—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few !
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between ;
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet ;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O ! what were man ?—a world without a sun !

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r !
In vain the viewless Seraph ling'ring there,
At starry midnight, charm'd the silent air ;
In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep ;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd ;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ;—
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—
The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd !

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing !
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph, or the frown of scorn ;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew ;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path—a wildness, and a dream !

But, can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,

On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day !—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !—¹⁶
If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine !
But should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heav'n's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictur'd page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage ;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenour of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace ;)
Yet still may Hope her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart !

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece ;
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face ;
And, as he sojourn'd on Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasur'd all their smiles ;
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refin'd,
And mortal charms seem'd heav'nly when combin'd !

Love on the picture smil'd ! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spîrit there—and Greece ador'd !

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy ! gleans
The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes !
Thy pencil traces on the Lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bow'rs !
Remote from busy life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall taste and Beauty sway !
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore !
There shall be love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye !—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods, and waves, and murm'ring winds asleep ;
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around !

The moon is up—the watch-tow'r dimly burns
And down the vale his sober step returns ;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away ;

And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes !—and start, and smile !

Let Winter come ! let polar spirits sweep
The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep !
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm ;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light the melancholy day !
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumb'ring on the shore,
How Bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began !
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the win'try paradise of home ;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heav'n's wide circle play,
And bathe in livid light the milky way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—

Thy woes, Arion !¹⁷ and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail !
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave !

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep ;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child !
Oh ! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the pray'r his bursting heart, and died !

Or will they learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor,¹⁸ and pleads for all his crimes !
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear !
Hung on the tortur'd bosom of her lord,
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword !
Nor sought in vain ! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of nature crack'd with agony !
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel,
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the
wheel—

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age !

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great !¹⁹
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore ;²⁰
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last !
File after file, the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with a sigh !
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight !

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day !
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year ;
In those unmeasur'd worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell.
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know ;
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,²¹
Throng'd on her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each runic altar, weed-entwin'd,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind),

Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore ;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main ;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world !

Oh ! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive Hope hath but a Syren tongue !
True ; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part like Ajut—never to return ! ²²

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The griefs and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flow'r that hailed the dawning of the day ;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child !
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smil'd on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy !
My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried !
Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !

For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom !—my son !—my son !

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
Heav'n to thy charge resign's the awful hour !
Oh ! then thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !
And all the Phœnix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die !
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
Where Time's far-wand'ring tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrinks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woe.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
On heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet stones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
Back to its heav'nly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heav'n,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bick'ring wheels, and adamant car ;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Oh ! lives there, Heav'n ! beneath thy dread expanse
One hopeless, dark Idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'rest of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?
There live, alas ! of Heav'n-directed mien,
Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay !
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower !
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To Night and Silence sink for evermore !—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame ?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing ?
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep ?
Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heav'n ?
Oh ! star-ey'd Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?

Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !
Ah me ! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if heav'n-ward Hope remain !
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awak'd, inexorable power !
This frail and fev'rish being of an hour,
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom !
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told ;
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd !
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay,
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale !
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan !
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor, lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child !
Mild be the doom of Heav'n—as thou wert mild ?
For oh ! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor, lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !
When friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground !

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh ! leave the light of Hope behind !
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few, and far between !
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please !

Yes ! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee ;
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to Joy !—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour ?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flow'r ?

Why can no hymned charm of Music heal
The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel ?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate ?—

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have pow'r to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
When, 'rest of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years ;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe ?
No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you !
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again !—

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu,
Daughter of Conrad, when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell !
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee.
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part ;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe ;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,

Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

“And weep not thus, (he cried,) young Ellenore !
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
Th' immortal ties of Nature shall expire ;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away !
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die !
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuag'd by tears !

“Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep ;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press th' uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

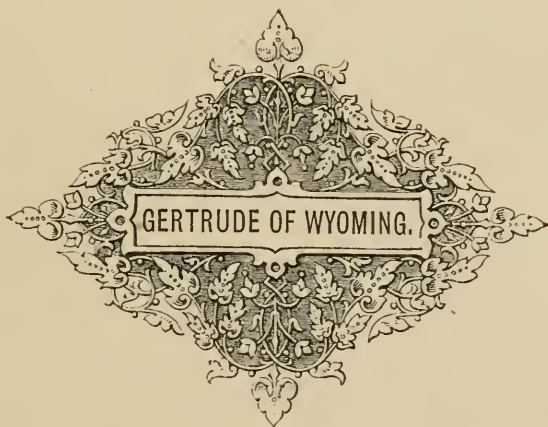
“Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear ;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert pil'd ;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank-grass waving in the breeze ;

Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er ?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore ?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied ?
Ah ! no ; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude !
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake !"

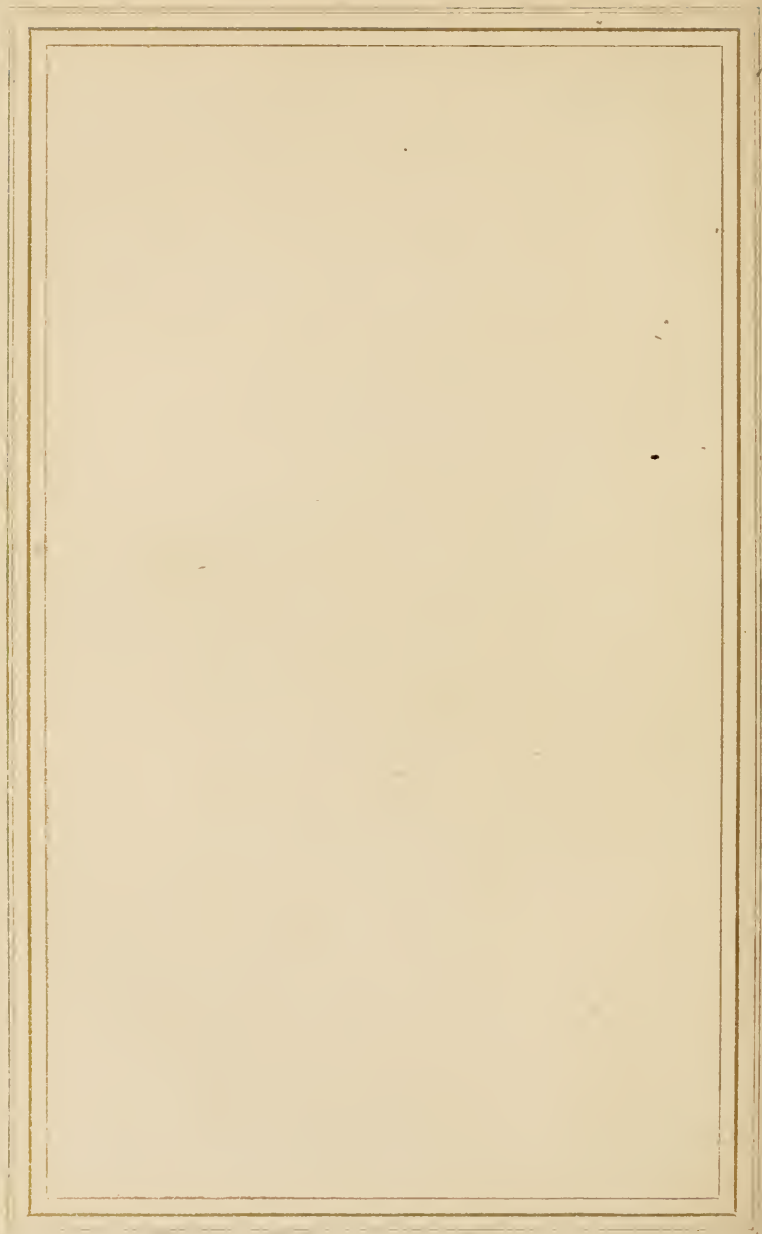
Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee !
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell !
If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart ?
Why does the Brother of my childhood seem
Restor'd awhile in every pleasing dream ?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blest when life was new ?

Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,—
When all the sister planets have decayed ;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !





PART FIRST.





GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

PART I.

I.

ON Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

II.

It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune
His Autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
Perchance, along thy river calm at noon
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do—
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in floweret new ;
And ay, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
 And every sound of life was full of glee,
 From merry mock-bird's song,²³ or hum of men,
 While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
 Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard but in transatlantic story rung,
 For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
 And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue :
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
 Were but divided by the running brook ;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook, [hook.
 The blue-ey'd German chang'd his sword to pruning.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native roundelay.
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers, over hills and far away ?
 Green Albyn !* what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 Thy pelloch† rolling from the mountain bay ;

* Scotland.

† Pelloch is the Gaelic appellation for porpoise.

Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor [roar !*24
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan.

VI.

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf.
That fir'd his Highland blood with mickle glee ;
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life ; to plant fair freedom's tree !

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom ;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall,
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How rev'rend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervours were assuag'd,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire ;
And though amidst the calm of thought entire,

* The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As *Ætna's* fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet familiar, is their nought to prize,
Oh, Nature? in thy bosom-scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,
Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a hale day he liv'd to see
Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she [knee;
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's

XI.

A lov'd bequest, and I may half impart
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
Uprose that living flower beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,

From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when, as the rip'ning years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms ;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd !)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind ;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind) :
All uncompanion'd else her years had gone [shone.
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament !
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide like morning brought by night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young,
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled ;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
The Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head.

"Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve ;²⁵
 The paths of peace my steps have hither led :²⁶
 This little nursling, take him to thy love, [dove.
 And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent

XV.

"Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe ;
 Our wampun league thy brethren did embrace :
 Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
 We launch'd our quivers for the bison chace ;
 And with the Hurons planted for a space,
 With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk ;
 But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
 And though they held with us a friendly talk,
 The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk !

XVI.

"It was encamping on the lake's far port,
 A cry of Areouski* broke our sleep,
 Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,
 And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep ;
 But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
 Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light,
 And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,
 Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,
 As if a shower of blood had quench'd the fiery fight !

XVII

"It slept—it rose again—on high their tower
 Sprung upwards like a torch'to light the skies,
 Then down again it rain'd an ember shower,
 And louder lamentations heard we rise ;

* The Indian God of War.

As when the evil Manitou*²⁷ that dries
Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls, amidst his wilderness of fire : [dire !
Alas ! too late we reach'd and smote those Hurons

XVIII.

" But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand ;
And from the tree we with her child unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay ;
Scarce knew the widow our deliv'ring hand ;
Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away ; [pray.—
Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians

XIX.

" Our virgin's fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamite ;²⁸
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore ;
And take, she said, this token far away
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

XX.

" And I, the eagle of my tribe,† have rush'd

* Manitou, Spirit or Deity.

† The Indians are distinguished, both personally and by tribes, by the name of particular animals whose qualities they affect to resem-

With this lorn dove."²⁹—A sage's self-command
Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that gush'd ;
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That shower'd upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguil'd
A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd ;
"And stay," he cried, "dear pilgrim of the wild !
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child !—

XXI.

"Child of a race whose name my bosom warms
On earth's remotest bounds, how welcome here !
Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms,
Young as thyself, and innocently dear :
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer :
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime !
How beautiful e'en now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime ! [time !
How gone, like yesterday, these thrice ten years of

XXII.

"And, Julia ! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, fav'rite child of yore ?
Or thought I, in my father's house when thou
Were lightest hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door,
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end !
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more ?
And thou didst, pale, thy gentle head extend,
In woes, that e'en the tribe of deserts was thy friend !"

ble, either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities; as the eagle, the serpent, the fox, or bear.

XXIII.

He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy :
 Far differently the mute Oneyda took
 His calumet of peace,³⁰ and cup of joy ;*
 As monumental bronze unchanged his look :
 A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook :
 Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle† to his bier,^{‡1}
 The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
 Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
 A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.—

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
 Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow ;
 As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
 By storms above, and barrenness below :
 He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe :
 And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
 Or laced his mocasins,‡ in act to go,
 A song of parting to the boy he sung, [tongue.
 Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly

XXV.

“Sleep, wearied one ! and in the dreaming land
 Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet,
 Oh ! say, to-morrow, that the white man's hand
 Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet ;

* *Calumet of peace.*—The calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

† *Tree-rock'd cradle.*—The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles from the boughs of trees, and let them be rocked by the wind.

‡ Mocasins are a sort of Indian buskins.

While I in lonely wilderness shall meet
Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And pour'd the lotus-horn,* or slew the mountain roe.

XXVI.

“Adieu ! sweet scion of the rising sun !
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again—my own adopted one !
And I will graft thee on a noble stock :
The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars ;
And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars !”---

XXVII.

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran ;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth :)
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man ;³²
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannahs green.

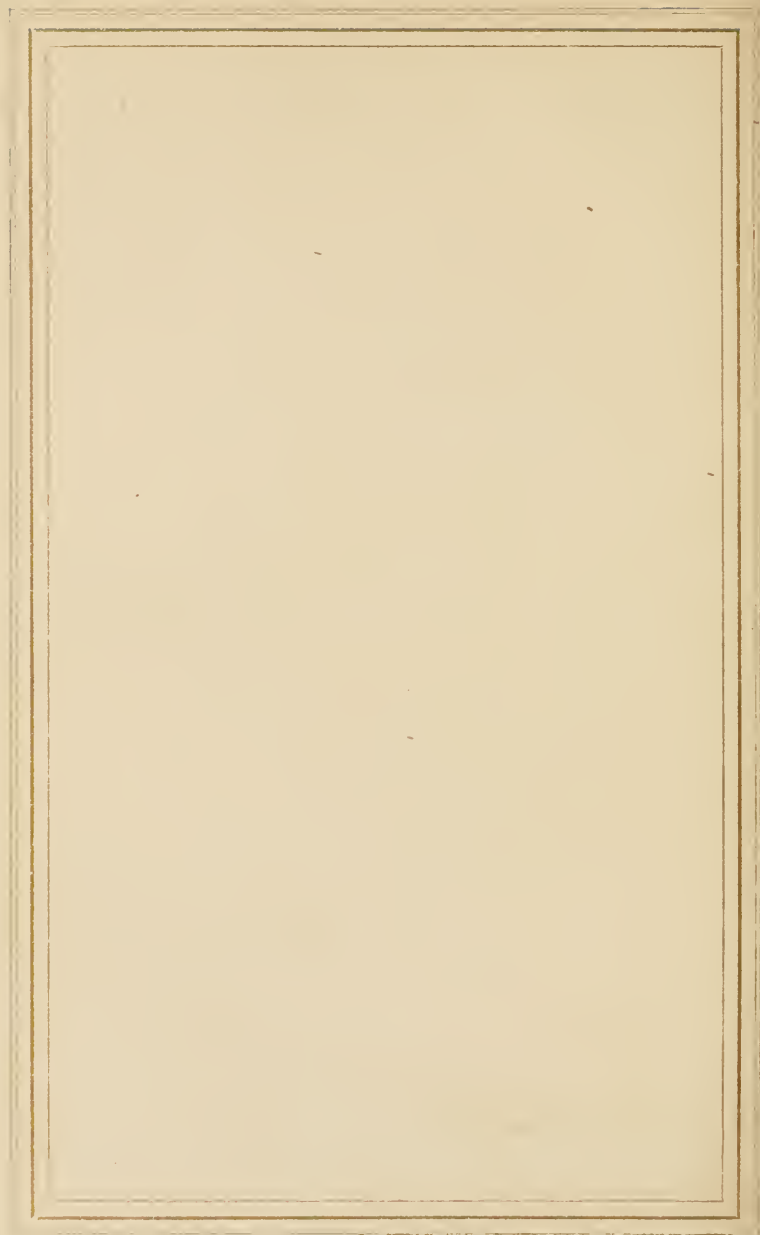
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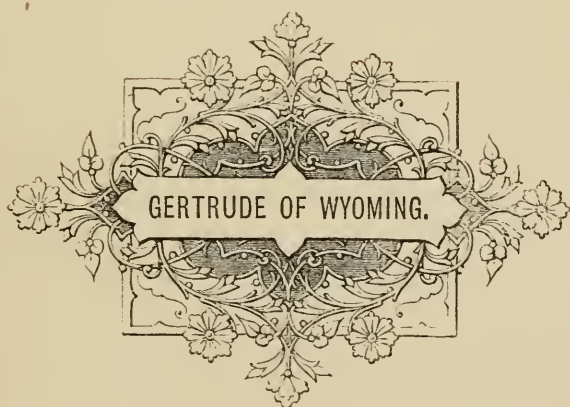
Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—

* From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians, in their travels through the desert, often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

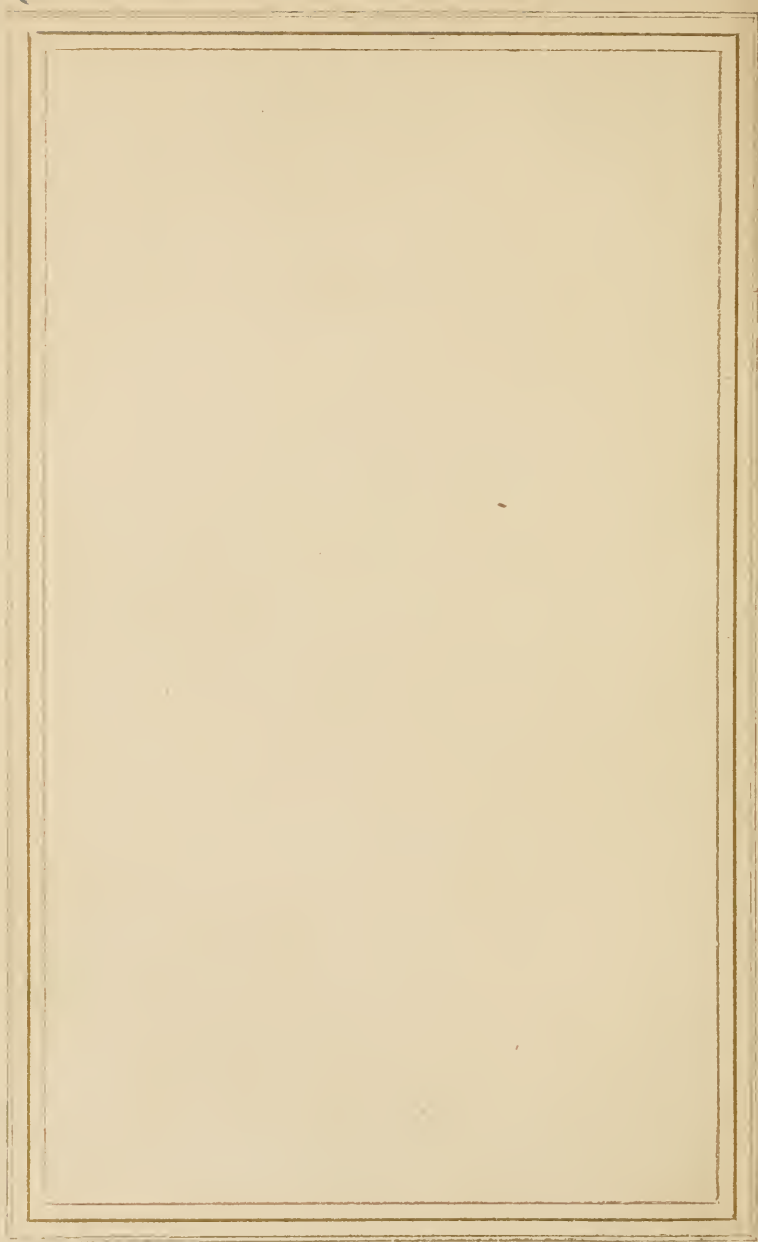
His pirogue launch'd—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing, he seemed to glide ;—
Then div'd, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun ;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, his bark and plumage bright.







PART SECOND.





GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn ;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene :
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves ;)
So sweet a spot of earth you might, (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves -[selves.
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for them-

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream ;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam :
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam,
Where earth's unliving silence ail would seem ;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown ;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far distant town ;
But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down—
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.—

IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they looked upon ;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone ;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.—

V.

Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face !
Enthusiast of the woods ! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown ;
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.—

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene :
“ Land of my father’s love, my mother’s birth !
The home of kindred I have never seen !
We know not other—oceans are between ;—
Yet, say ! far friendly hearts from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene ?
My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim ;—
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

“ And yet, loved England ! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim’s tale and poet’s song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother’s looks,—perhaps her likeness strong !
Oh, parent ! with what reverential awe,
From features of thine own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw !
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw !”

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh’d for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father’s couch her only care,
And keep his rev’rend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatman caroll’d to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear’d in momentary view.—

IX.

At times there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their father's dust,* or lift, perchance, of yore,
Their voice to the Great Spirit :—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance wore ;
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and tow'rs decay'd by time.

X.

But high, in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloe threw :
Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strown ;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half-o'ergrown :
And ay that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears ;
With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,

* It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors, in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

And no intruding visitation fears, [tears.—
To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest

XII.

For save her presence, scarce an ear had heard
The stock-dove plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round ;
Till chance had usher'd to its inmost ground
The stranger guest of many a distant clime ;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.—

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted ; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features :—she her lovely face
Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace :
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there ;
And soon as Gertrude hied from dark green wood ;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood,
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,

And early liking from acquaintance sprung :
Full fluently convers'd their guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they lov'd his fervid strain,—
While he each fair variety retrac'd
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main :—
Now happy Switzer's hills,—romantic Spain,—
Gay liliated fields of France,—or, more refin'd,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign ;
Nor less each rural image he design'd,
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;
Of Natures savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor voice nor living motion marks around ;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek ;
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,*
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.—

XVII.

Pleas'd with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why

* The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waded in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
“ In England thou hast been,—and by report,
An orphan’s name (quoth Albert) mayst have known :
Sad tale !—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
One innocent—one soldier’s child—alone [own.—
Was spar’d, and brought to me, who loved him as my

XVIII.

“ Young Henry Waldegrave ! three delightful years
These very walls his infant sports did see ;
But most I lov’d him when his parting tears
Alternately bedew’d my child and me :
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold :
By kindred he was sent for o’er the sea,
They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consol’d.”—

XIX.

His face the wand’rer hid ;—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;—
“ And speak, mysterious stranger !” (Gertrude cried)
“ It is !—it is !—I knew—I knew him well !
’Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to tell !”
A burst of joy the father’s lips declare ;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell !
At once his open arms embrac’d the pair,
Was never group more blest, in this wide world of care,—

XX.

“ And will ye pardon, then (replied the youth),
Your Waldegrave’s feigned name, and false attire ?
I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,

The very fortunes of your house inquire :
 Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
 Impart, and I my weakness all betray,
 For had I lost my Gertrude, and my sire,
 I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day ;
 Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

"But here ye live,—ye bloom, in each dear face
 The changing hand of time I may not blame ;
 For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
 And here, of beauty perfected the frame ;
 And well I know your hearts are still the same,
 They could not change—ye look the very way,
 As when an orphan first to you I came.
 And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray ?
 Nay wherefore weep we, friends, on such a joyous
 day ?"—

XXII.

"And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?
 And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us more ?"
 "No, never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
 Than aught on earth—than e'en thyself of yore—
 I will not part thee from thy father's shore ;
 But we shall cherish him with mutual arms ;
 And hand in hand again the path explore,
 Which every ray of young remembrance warms ;
 While thou shalt be my own with all thy truth and
 charms."

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
 Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
 Where all was od'rous scent and harmony,

And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight,
There, if, oh gentle love ! I read aright,
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,
'Twas listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's pow'r to paint, all languishingly fond.

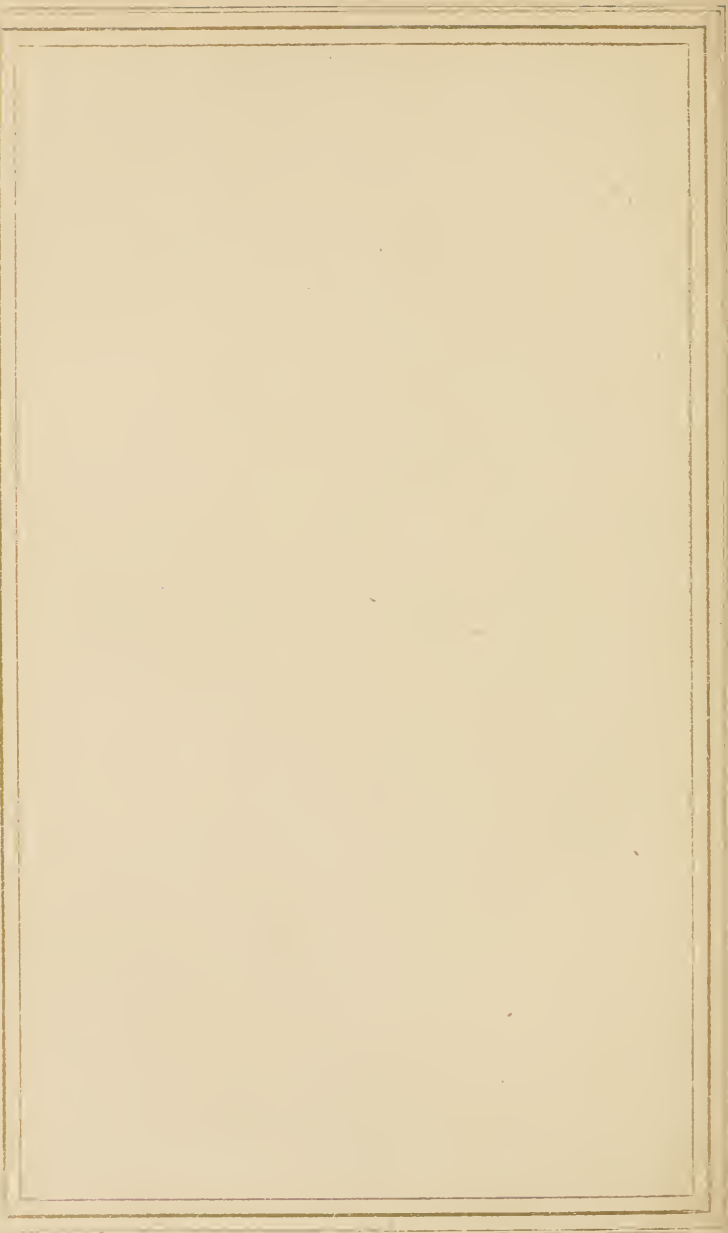
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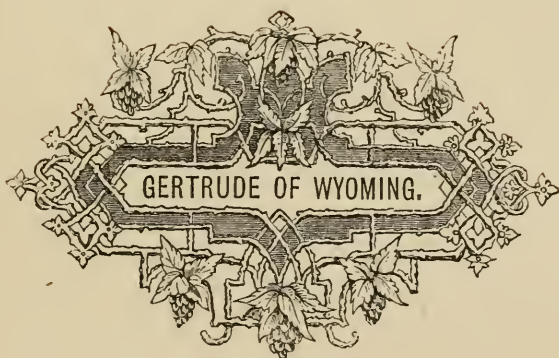
"Flow'r of my life, so lovely and so lone !
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning and scorn'd by fortune's pow'r, than own
Her pomp and splendours lavish'd at my feet !
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odours cast on heav'n's own shrine—to please—
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas."—

XXV.

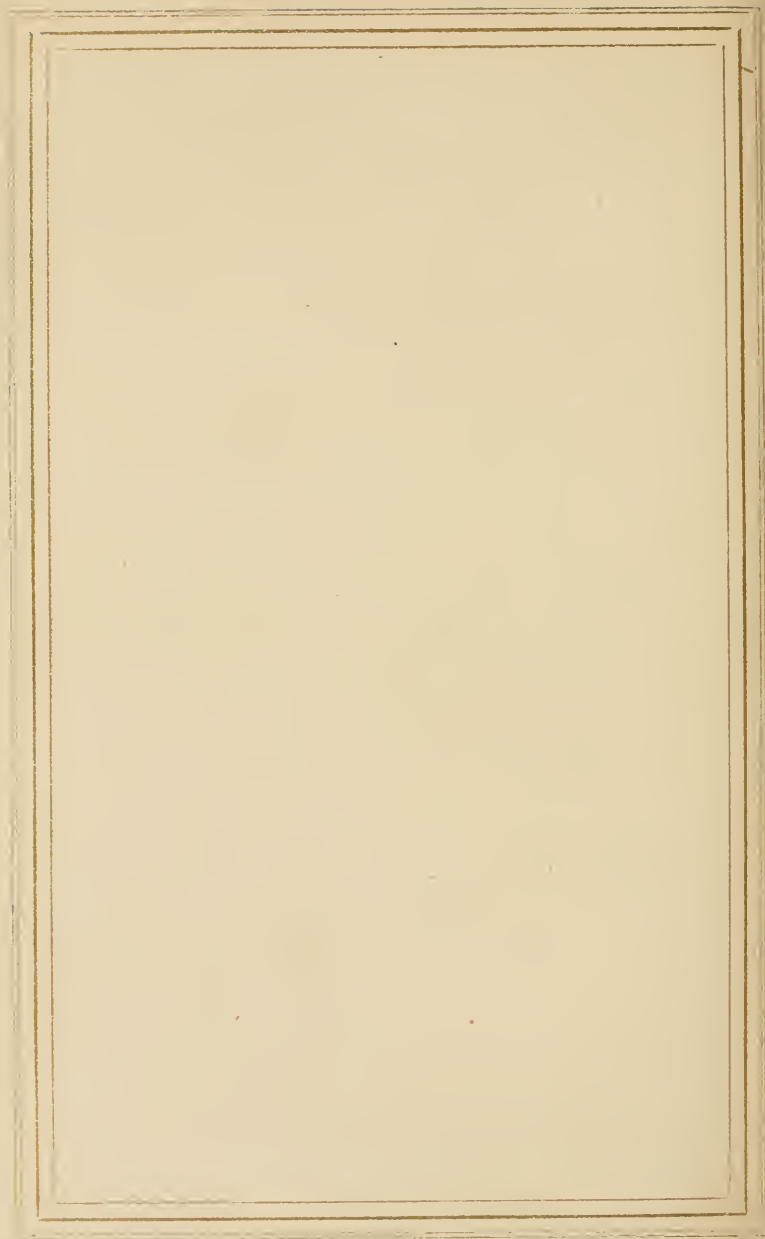
Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon—
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June ;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray ;
For never did the Hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.







PART THIRD.





GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART III.

I.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstacy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short, amidst the grove
And pastoral savannahs, they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing ;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring ;
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring ?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse ;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs, [vows.
That shade e'en now her love, and witness'd first her

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round ;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd,)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow !
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below !
And must I change my song ? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming ! the day, when thou were doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low ?
When there of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes gloom'd.

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes :
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains ;*
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams?
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams,
Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb ;
Save where the fife its shrill *réveillé* screams,
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
That speaks of madd'ning strife, and bloodstain'd fields
to come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doom'd to go !
"Nay meet not thou," she cries, "thy kindred foe !
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !"
"Ah, Gertrude ! thy beloved heart, I know,

* Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

Would feel, like mine, the stigmatizing brand,
 Could I forsake the cause of freedom's holy band!

IX.

"But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,
 To hide in exile ignominious fears;
 Say, e'en if this I brook'd, the public love
 Thy father's bosom to his home endears:
 And how could I his few remaining years,
 My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child?"
 So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers;
 At last that heart to hope is half beguil'd,— [smil'd
 And pale through tears suppress'd the mournful beauty

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bow'r full late
 The joy of converse had endur'd,—when, hark!
 Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate:
 And, heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
 A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
 And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor;
 Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;
 But desolate he look'd, and famish'd, poor,
 As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore

XI.

Uprisen, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd:
 A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
 To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parr'd
 From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accurs'd,
 Emotions unintelligible burst;
 And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
 At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst

Had half assuag'd, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd;—but Albert knew
not him.—

XII.

“And hast thou, then, forgot,” (he cried, forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air),
“Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair
And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know!”

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew:
“Bless thee, my guide!”—but, backward as he came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd, and look'd him
through.

'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—
At last, delight o'er all his features stole,
“It is—my own,” he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.—

XIV.

“Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd
men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,

Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;
 Nor foemen then, nor cougar's * crouch I fear'd,
 For I was strong as mountain cataract :
 And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd
 Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd ?

XV.

"Then welcome be my death-song, and my death !
 Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
 And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath ;
 But, with affectionate and eager haste,
 Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,
 To welcome, and to bless his aged head.
 Soon was the hospitable banquet plac'd ;
 And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
 On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

XVI.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
 And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
 "This is not time to fill the joyous cup,
 The Mammoth comes ;³³—the foe,—the Monster
 Brandt,†—
 With all his howling desolating band ;—
 These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
 Awake at once, and silence half your land.
 Red is the cup they drink ; but not with wine :
 Awake, and watch to-night ! or see no morning shine !"

* Cougar, the American tiger.

† Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania.—Vide the note at the end of this poem.

XVII.

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
With Brandt himself I went to battle forth :³⁴
Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :
No ! not the dog that watch'd my household hearth
Escap'd that night of blood, upon our plains !
All perish'd !—I alone am left on earth !
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !³⁵

XVIII.

But go !—and rouse your warriors ;—for, if right
These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
Of strip'd and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—
Some fort embattled by your country shines :
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squared rocks, and palisaded lines.
Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons show ;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe !"

XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd,—when Heav'n's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar, [scream,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd ;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd ;—
And ay, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.—

XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;
Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unring,
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care—
But hark ! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade ?
Joy, joy ! Columbia's friends are trampling through
the shade !

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass ;
His plum'd host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

XXII.

And in—the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng :—
Rous'd by their warlike pomp, and mirth and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech;
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,
Look'd not on thee the rudest partizan
With brow relax'd to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tow'r,
That like a giant standard-bearer, frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene:

XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow ;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow.
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!

XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-lov'd scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew!
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
Glean'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

XXVIII.

And trac'd in giddy horror, Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh God! the life-blood is her own;
And, falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
“Weep not, O love!” she cries, “to see me bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone—
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds:—yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed.

XXIX.

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy drear caress ;
And, when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh ! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !

XXX.

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast
In heav'n ; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last ?
No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.—

XXXI.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more lov'd than aught beneath the sun,
If I had liv'd to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge ;—but shall there, then, be none,
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me ?
Yet seems it, e'en while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee !”

XXXII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their bland,
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die ! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words ;—but knew not what
they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd :—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth ;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth ;—him watch'd in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide ; but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name !
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame !

XXXV.

“And I could weep ;”—th’ Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus began :
“But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father’s son !
Or bow this head in woe ;
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !
To-morrow Arcouski’s breath,
(That fires yon heav’n with storms of death),
Shall light us to the foe :
And we shall share, my Christian boy !
The foeman’s blood, the avenger’s joy !—

XXXVI.

“But thee, my flow’r, whose breath was giv’n
By milder genii o’er the deep,
The spirits of the white man’s heav’n
Forbid not thee to weep :—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father’s spirit grieve
To see thee, on the battle’s eve,
Lamenting take a mournful leave
Of her who lov’d thee most :
She was the rainbow to thy sight !
Thy sun—thy heav’n—of lost delight !—

XXXVII.

“To-morrow let us do or die !
But when the bolt of death is hur’d,
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
Seek we thy once-lov’d home ?—

The hand is gone that cropt its flowers !
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !—
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs !—
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead !

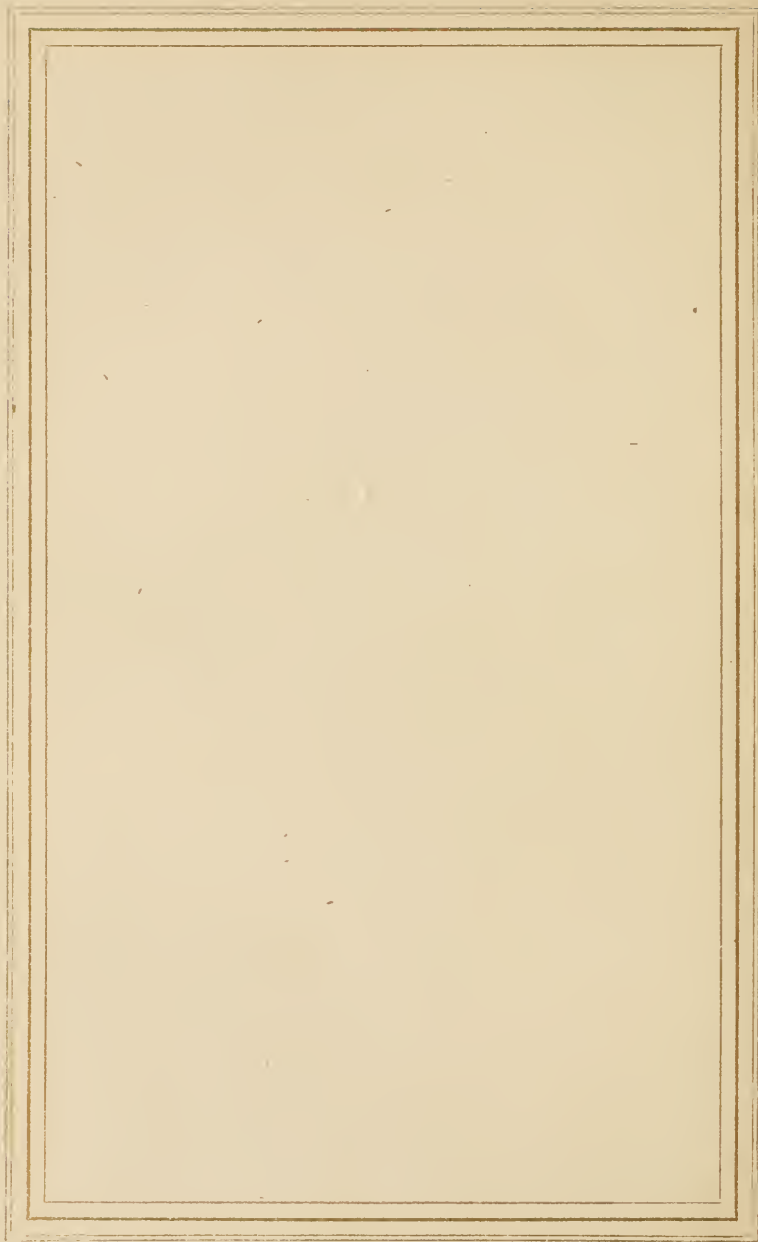
XXXVIII.

“ Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd ;
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
Ah ! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair !

XXXIX.

“ But hark, the trump !—to-morrow thou
In glory's fire shall dry thy tears :
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears ;
Amidst the clouds that round us roll,
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst—
From Outalissi's soul ;—
Because I may not stain with grief
The death song of an Indian chief.”







MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree ;
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet, wand'ring, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been :
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of Nature it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace ;
Nor the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
 That remains in this desolate heart !
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall ;
 But patience shall never depart !
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
 In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore :
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore !
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
 May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate !
 Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery mantled sun
 His heavenly race began to run,
 Round the earth and ocean blue
 His children four the Seasons flew :—
 First, in green apparel dancing,
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;
 Rosy Summer, next advancing,
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace :—

Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
Or India's citron-covered isles.
More remote, and buxom brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness at his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runie Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale—
Save when adown the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflow'ring Nature's grassy robe
And trampling on her faded form;
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume,
And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,—
When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel power of desolation!
(Fast descending as thou art)

Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart !
Then, sullen Winter ! hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year ;
Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear :
To shivering want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And mildly on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
The sailor on his airy shrouds,
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep ;
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores ;*
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark brown Danube roars.
O winds of winter ! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan ?
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own !
Alas ! ev'n your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low ;
But man will ask no truce to death,
No bounds to human woe.

* This Ode was written in Germany at the close of the year 1800,
before the conclusion of hostilities.

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

Oh ! leave this barren spot to me—
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.
Though shrub or flow'ret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below ;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial treasure of the hive :
Yet leave this little spot to me—
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

Thrice twenty summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude—
Since childhood in my rustling bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour—
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid ;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name :
Oh ! by the vows of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;
By all that love hath whisper'd here,
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear :
As love's own altar honour me—
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sung truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw ;
And twice ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track ;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the house of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.—

I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

“Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and
worn!”—

(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;)
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away !

LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
Unknown, unhonour'd, was the friendless dead ;
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
There never came to his unburied head :—
All from his dreary habitation fled.
Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve
Launch on that water by the witches' tower,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !
Whose crime it was, on Life's unfinish'd road,
To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,
And render back thy being's heavy load.
Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd
In thy devoted bosom—and the hand
That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown?—
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me :
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree !

The bell has toll'd ; it shakes my heart ;
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ;
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart ?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb !

Ah ! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound ;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue ;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

A long adieu ! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,

When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy;
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:—
“Oh, whither,” she cried, “hast thou wander'd, mylover,
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?

“What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd!”
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When, bleeding and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar?

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was
streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !
"Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?"

"Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy
relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!"—
"Ah no! the last pang of my bosom is heaving !
No light of the morn shall to Henry return !

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!"—
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar

THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose ;
Ev'n a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright :
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

“ Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell ?”—

“ 'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
When the Creseent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet
O'er the purple tide of war—

“ In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made ;
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade.”

“ Captive ! could the brightest-jewel
From my turban set thee free ?”

“ Lady, no !—the gift were cruel,
Ransom'd, yet if reft of thee.

Say, fair princess ! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold ?”

“ Nay, bold knight ! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold !”

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu.

“ Fly we then, while none discover !
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride !”

Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride!

L I N E S.

(Written at the request of the Highland Society in London, when met to commemorate the 21st of March, the day of victory in Egypt.)

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth!
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!
Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given;
Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to heaven!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him!—How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
Dear symbol wild ! on Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band this day on Egypt's coast,*
Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor,
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore !

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
First of Britannia's host her Highland band
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed !

Is there a son of generous England here
Or fervid Erin ?—he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear,
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine !

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore ;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
Their country leave unconquered as of yore !

* The 42d Regiment.



STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU, by whose expressive art,
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please !

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine ;
I bless thee, Promethéan Muse !
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue,
Whose lineage, in a raptur'd hour,*
From Love, the lord of nature, sprung.

Does Hope his high possession meet ?
Is Joy triumphant, Sorrow flown ?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But oh ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing—cold—I feel thee part ;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye !

* Alluding to the well known tradition respecting the origin of Painting, that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall, as he lay asleep

Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll ?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breath'd when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat ?

What visions wake ! to charm—to melt !
The lost, the lov'd, the dead are near !
Oh ! hush ! that strain too deeply felt !
And cease that solace too severe !

But thou serenely silent art !
By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost ! if yet possessed,
To me that sweet memorial shine :—
If, close and closer to my breast,
I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the lov'd, departed form,
Till death's cold image half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks—she lives—this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, genius, yes! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonized shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy soft'ning, sweet'ning, tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be nature's guardian muse,
Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems!
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

From love began thy high descent ;
And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent ;
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion ;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,

Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

“Sad is my fate!” said the heart-broken stranger,
“The wild deer and wolf to a cover can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers, [hours;
Where my forefathers liv’d, shall I spend the sweet
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

“Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me!
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

“Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look’d on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all!
Ah my sad heart, long abandon’d by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure!—
Tears like the rain-drops may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

“Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:

Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !

Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh !

Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,

Erin, mavournin Erin-go-bragh !"*

GERMAN DRINKING SONG.

SWEET Iser ! were thy sunny realm,

And flow'ry fountains mine ;

Thy waters I would shade with elm,

To prop the tender vine.

My golden flagons I would fill .

With rosy draughts from every hill ;

And under each green spreading bower,

My gay companions should prolong

The feast, the revel, and the song,

To many a sportive hour.

Like rivers crimson'd by the beam

Of yonder planet bright,

Our nectar cups should ever stream

Profusion of delight !

No care should touch the mellow heart,

And sad or sober none depart,

(For wine can triumph over woe ;)

And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,

Should build in Iser's sunny bowers

A Paradise below !

* Ireland, my darling Ireland for ever.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day,
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array :
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.—

But hark ! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin !* to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !

* The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad :
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire-show'r of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heav'n's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my clan :
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !

For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo ! Anointed by Heav'n with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight ! . .
. . . 'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the
moors ;

Culloden is lost, and my country deploras ;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?*
Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
His death-bell is tolling ; Oh ! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters convuls'd in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :

* An English historian, after enumerating the severe executions of the Highland rebels, at Culloden, Carlisle, and elsewhere, concludes by informing us, that thousands experienced his majesty's mercy, in being transported for life to the plantations !

For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their
gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heav'n from the death-bed of fame.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
Then flew the steed, to battle driven ;

And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
And bloodier yet, the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scare yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND,

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas :
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !

Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud :
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around :
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar ;
Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn :
“ Why speak ye no word ? ”—said Glenara the stern.

“ And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? ”

So spake the rude chieftain :—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;
“ And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem :
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen ;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn :

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief ;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak,” our captains cried ! when
each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoe did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
“Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”—

VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;—
And the sounds of joy and grief,—
From her people wildly rose ;—
As death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.—

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light ;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!—

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou :*
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"—
" Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?"—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :—
It is not for your silver bright ;
But for your winsome lady :

"And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heav'n each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"Oh, haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,
Though tempests round us gather ;

* The evil spirit of the waters.

I'll meet the raging of the skies ;
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

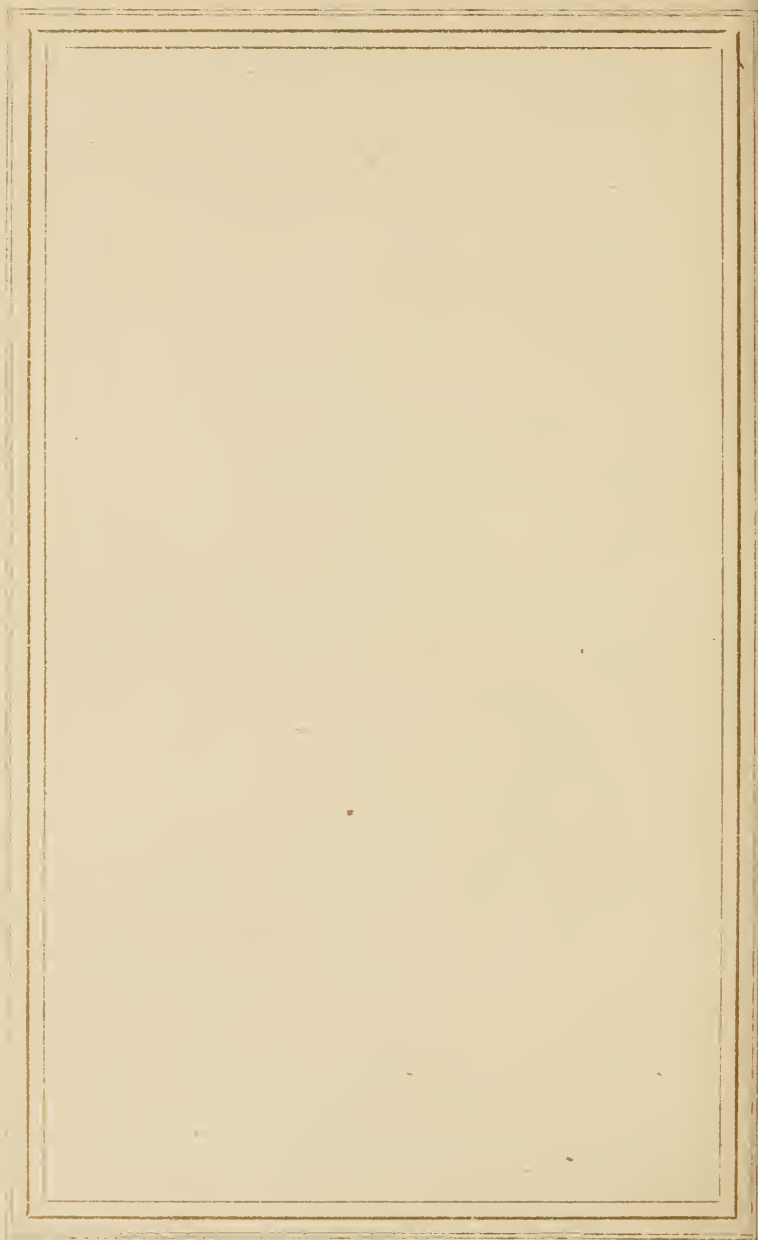
And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.—

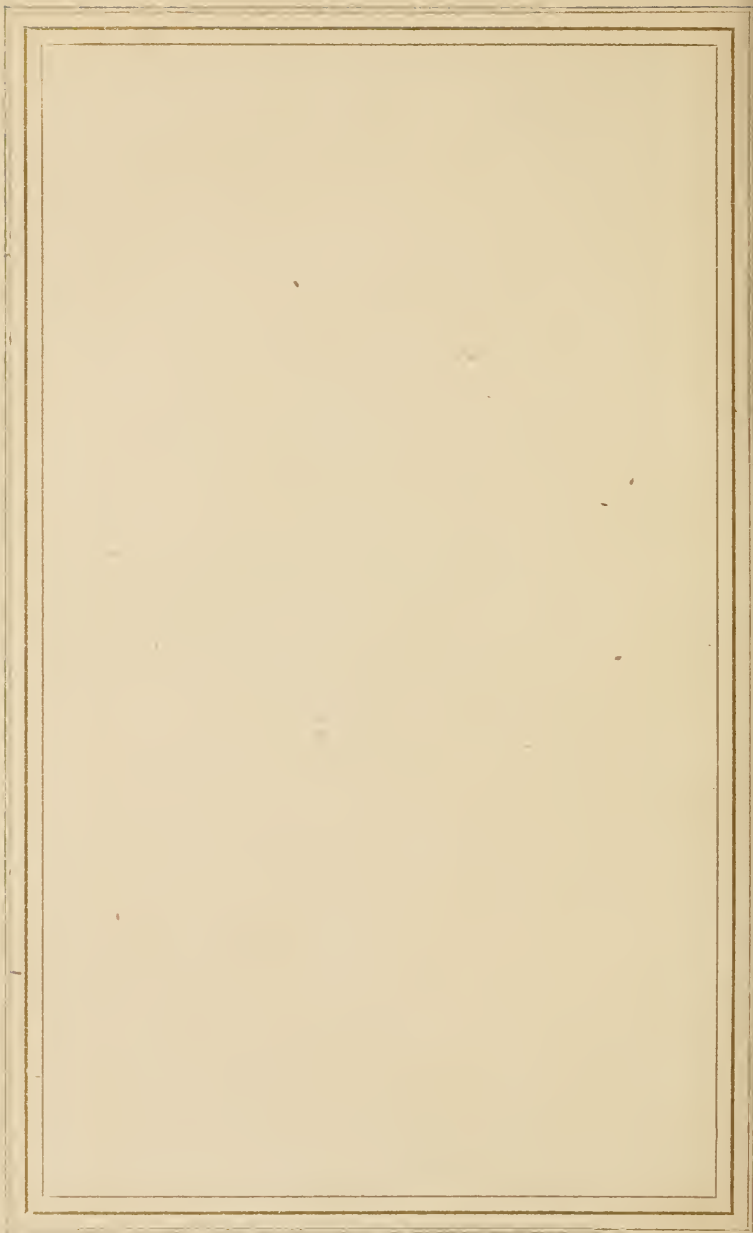
"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—oh my daughter !"—

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.











NOTES.

¹ Page 10.—*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in p. 10. After relating the barbarity of the Indian Cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after, we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of, when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoe, and carry it over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp; and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes,

and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar, without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned: I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

² Page 11.—*A Briton and a friend.*

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

³ Page 11.—*Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.*

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

⁴ Page 11.—*The Swedish Sage.* Linnæus.

⁵ Page 12.—*Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.*

Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the Chæphoræ of Æschylus.

- ⁶ Page 13.—*Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.*
See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

- ⁷ Page 18.—*Wild Obi flies.*

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

- ⁸ Page 18.—*Sibir's dreary mines.*

Mr. Bell of Antermomy, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

- ⁹ Page 19.—*Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!*

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

- ¹⁰ Page 24.—*The shrill horn blew.*

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or a horn.

- ¹¹ Page 25.—*How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd?*

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the Preface to "Letters from a Hindoo Rajah," a work of elegance and celebrity.

“The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

“The same overwhelming torrent, which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baleful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquests opposed, by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded or terrified into the profession of Mahomedism; but all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan.”—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.*

¹² Page 25.—*And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape.*

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camoens, by Mickle.

¹³ Page 26.—*While famish'd nations died along the shore.*

The following account of British conduct, and its con-

scarcenees, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus! "Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt: scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts, the languid living left the bodies of the numerous dead unburied."—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, page 145.

¹⁴ Page 27.—*Nine times hath suffering mercy spar'd in vain.*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avater is the word used to express his descent.

¹⁵ Page 27.—*And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime.*

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the Pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

¹⁶ Page 33.—*The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!*

"Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade."

DRYDEN.

¹⁷ Page 36.—*Thy woes, Arion!*

Falconer, in his poem, "The Shipwreck," speaks of himself by the name Arion.—See *Falconer's Shipwreck*, canto iii.

¹⁸ Page 36.—*The Robber Moor.*

See Schiller's Tragedy of the Robbers, scene v.

¹⁹ Page 37.—*What millions died—that Cæsar might be great.*

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar, has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

²⁰ Page 37.—*Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy
shore.*

In this extremity (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa), the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.

²¹ Page 37.—*For, as Iona's saint, a giant form.*

The natives of the Island of St. Iona have an opinion, that, on certain evenings every year, the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires, counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

²² Page 38.—*And part like Ajut—never to return!*

See the History of Ajut and Anningait in the Rambler.

²³ Page 50.—*From merry mock-bird's song.*

The mocking bird is of the form, but larger, than the

thrush; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale, by its greatest admirers, is what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the wood-lark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—*Ashe's Travels in America*, vol. ii. p. 73.

2: Page 51.—*And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar.*

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish Prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

²⁵ Page 54.—*Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve.*

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognise a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, Briceinum, and shaped like long beads: it is the current money of the Indians. —*History of the Five Indian Nations*, p. 34. New York Edition.

²⁶ Page 54.—*The paths of peace my steps have hither led.*

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner: "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house?"

²⁷ Page 55.—*As when the evil Manitou.*

Everything which they cannot comprehend the cause of is called by them spirit. There are two orders of spirits, the good and the bad. The good is the spirit of dreams, and of all things innocent and inconceivable. The bad is the thunder, the hail, the tempest, and conflagration. The superior good spirit they call, by way of distinction, Kitchi Manitou; and one superior bad spirit is called Matchi Manitou.

²⁸ Page 55.—*Fever balm and sweet sagamite.*

The fever balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Segamite is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

²⁹ Page 56.—*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd with this lorn dove.*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics, authorizes me

in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

³⁰ Page 57.—*His calumet of peace.*

To smoke the calumet, or pipe of peace, with any person, is a sacred token of amity among the Indians. The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day time; but at night the young lover goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it she admits his addresses, but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart.

³¹ Page 57.—*Trained, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier.*

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins, and being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any

business to transact at home, they hang the boards on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children.—*Wild*, vol. ii. p. 246.

³² Page 58.—*Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man.*

The North American Indians are extremely sagacious and observant, and, by dint of minute attention, acquire many qualifications to which we are wholly strangers. They will traverse a trackless forest, hundreds of miles in extent, without deviating from the straight course, and will reach to a certainty the spot whither they intended to go on setting out; with equal skill they will cross one of the large lakes, and though out of the sight of the shores for days, will, to a certainty, make the land at once at the very place they desired. Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and, in every part of the day, they will point to the part of the heavens

where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or another, which could not be learned, induced one-half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours after. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on, and, to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three

hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the seaports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and, without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before: they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Wild's Travels in North America*, vol. ii.

²³ Page 80.—*The Mammoth comes*.

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

“A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the re-

volution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew, or had heard, of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the great Man above looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock, of which his seat, and the prints of his feet, are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but, missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*.

34 Page 81.

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bride,
With Brandt himself I went to battle forth.*

This Brandt was a warrior of the Mohawk nation, who was engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. His blood, I believe, was not purely Indian, but half German. He disgraced, however, his European descent by more than savage ferocity. Among many anecdotes which are given of him, the following is extracted from a traveller in America, already quoted,

"With a considerable body of his troops he joined the troops under the command of Sir John Johnson. A skirmish took place with a body of American troops; the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musket-ball in his heel, but the Americans, in the end, were defeated, and an officer, with sixty men, were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Sir John Johnson, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slyly behind them, laid the American officer low with a blow of his tomahawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnson, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and when he had finished, told him, that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself on the only chief of the party that he saw taken. Since he had killed the officer, he added, his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before."—*Wild's Travels*, vol. ii. p. 297.

³⁵ Page 81.

*To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression—"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader

to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words, without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected force of the Shawanees, Mingoës, and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

“I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed

as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

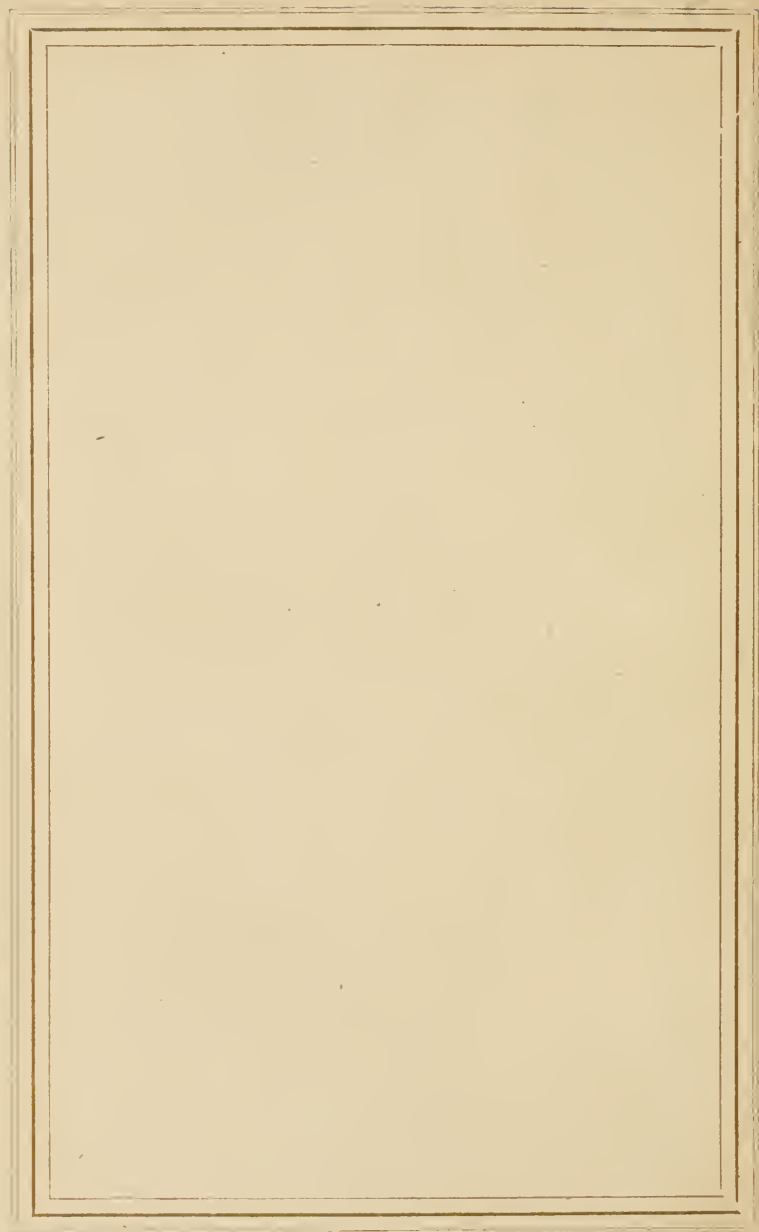
“There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.—This called on me for revenge.—I have fought for it.—I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear.—Logan never felt fear.—He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one.—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

³⁶ Page 109.

Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, namely, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel, for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and loyal (though mistaken) magnanimity. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassavern) and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassavern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to

Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassavern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place, and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherent; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."







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Campbell, Thomas
The pleasures of hope

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